

The Tragedie

Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,  
And therevpon he sends you this good newes,  
That this same very day, your enemies,  
The kindred of the Queene must die at Pomfret.

*Hast.* Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,  
Because they haue beene still mine enemies:  
But that Ile giue my voyce on Richards side,  
To barre my maisters heires in true discent,  
God knowes I will not do it to the death.

*Cat.* God keepe your Lordship in that gracious minde.

*Hast.* But I shall laugh at this a twelue month hence,  
That they who brought me in my Maisters hate,  
I liue to looke vpon their tragedie:

I tell the Catesby. *Cat.* What my Lord?

*Hast.* Ere a fortnight make me elder,  
Ile send some packing, that yet thinke not on it,

*Cat.* Tis a vile thing to die my gracious Lord  
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.

*Hast.* O monstrous, monstrous, and so fals it out  
With Riuers, Vaughan, Gray: and so twill doo  
With some men els, who thinke themselues as safe  
As thou, and I, who as thou knowst are deare  
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

*Cat.* The Princes both make high account of you,  
For they account his head vpon the bridge.

*Hast.* I know they do, and I haue well deserued it.

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

What my L. where is your Boare-speare man?  
Feare you the Boare and goe so vnprovided?

*Stan.* My L. good morrow: good morrow Catesby:  
You may iest on, but by the holy Rood,  
I do not like these seuerall counsels I.

*Hast.* My L. I hold my life as deare as you do yours,  
And neuer in my life I do protest,  
Was it more precious to me then it is now,  
Thinke you but that I know our state secure,  
I would be so tryumphant as I am?

*Sta.* The Lords at Pomfret when they rode from London  
Were iocund, and supposed their states was sure,

And

of Richard the thrid.

And indeed had no cause to mistrust:  
But yet you see how soone the day orecast,  
This sudden scab of rancor / misdoubt,  
Pray God, I say, / prone a needlesse coward,  
But come my L. shall we to the Tower?

*Ha.* I go: but stay, heare you not the newes?  
This day those men you talke of, are beheaded.

*Sta.* They for their truth might better weare their heads,  
Then some that haue accusde them weare their hat:

But come my L. let vs away. *Exit L. Stanley, & Cat.*

*Ha.* Go you before, Ile follow presently.

*Enter Hastings a Pursuant.*

*Hast.* Well met Hastings, how goes the world with thee?

*Pur.* The better that it please your good Lordship to ask.

*Hast.* I tell thee fellow, tis better with me now,  
Then when / met thee last where now we meete:  
Then was / going prisoner to the Tower,  
By the suggestion of the Queenes allies:  
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)  
This day those enemies are put to death,  
And I in better state then euer I was.

*Pur.* God hold it to your Honours good content.

*Hast.* Gramercy Hastings, hold spend thou that.

*He giues him his purse.*

*Pur.* God saue your Lordship. *Exit. Pur. Enter a Priest.*

*Hast.* What sir Iohn, you are well met:

I am beholding to you for your last dayes excise:

Come the next Sabboth, and I will content you. *He whisperis*

*Enter Buckingham.*

*Buc.* How now Lord Chamberlaine, what talking with a  
Your friends at Pomfret they do need the Priest. *(in his care. priest?)*  
Your Honour hath no shriuing worke in hand.

*Hast.* Good faith, and when I met this holy man,  
Those men you talke of, came into my minde:  
What, go you to the Tower my Lord?

*Buc.* I do, but long I shall not stay,  
I shall returne before your Lordship thence.

*Hast.* Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.

*Buc.* And supper too, although thou knowst it not:

Come